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Title: I Waunder

Author: Lady LaBelle Decantor  
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To what is this I waunder  
so...I am here and there  
and yonder. I flit from  
this land to the next in  
search of what I wonder.  
Alas I find myself quite  
fatigued, and yet my  
search continues.

Hence the lock of hair I  
twirl between my fingers  
so, a frown upon my face  
and to the next land I  
go. With hopes and  
dreams of better things,  
from here to there and  
back. I find myself  
'a waundering' in search  
of what I lack.

Do tell My Gentle Reader,  
should you know, what is  
it that I search for when  
I waunder so?

Lady LaBelle Decantor

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